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# The Mountain Eagle.

Volume 2

Number 25

## READING For All the Household

### Neglect of Home Duties

Many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and home seem to clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon when he has a half hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children and chides them and corrects their faults and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual fastigation.

The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there be any blessing asked at all it is cut off at both ends with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head and he starts down the street, and before the family has arisen from the table he has bound up another bundle of goods and says to the customer, "anything more I can do for you today, sir?" A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children and giving them a drawing master and a music teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports, forget the severe duties of life sometimes, to fly the kite, and trundle the hoop, and chase the ball and jump the rope with his children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. If you want to keep your children away from places of sin, you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons and advocate reforms and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh, gather all charms into your house! If you can afford it bring books and pictures and cheerful entertainments to the household. But above all, teach those children, not by half an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day and every day teach them that religion is a great gladness, that it throws chains of gold about the neck, and it takes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another else;

without a few drops falling on one's self.

—o—

The ideal husband and ideal wife are purely creations of the brain.

—o—

Life is short but it is long enough for a man to lose his character.

—o—

A little change in the pocket is relished more than a decided change in the weather.

—o—

Nothing is more charming to see than a young girl, simple, natural, gentle, refined, unaffected and polished in mind and manner. Children should be early taught politeness; not politeness and manners to put on the best dress. True politeness is that which springs from a nice mind and a kind heart, which refuses to wound others by acts of discourtesy. True politeness is rare and more valuable, perhaps, than is often imagined.

—o—

Of course we love our own best. Then why not show it? Why be affable and courteous to everyone except those to whom we owe the most? It is often owing to thoughtlessness and carelessness, but that makes it none the less criminal. Bickering and strife which goes on in many households is disgraceful, aside from the unhappiness it causes. There are many ladies and gentlemen outwardly polished and agreeable, the favorites of society and the life of all social gatherings they attend, who indulge in manners at home that would disgrace a savage. They seem perfectly transformed. Company manners are at most but a very thin veneer, the true nature is apt to come to the surface and the keen observer soon detects the sham.

—o—

### The Beauty of Plain Living

We love to see people live well, and to dress respectfully, and to enjoy themselves, but there is a happy mean in all these things, and when that is passed in the direction of extravagance, the people distress and enslave themselves and diminish their ability to do good. For the sake of keeping up the styles, people live far above their income, harass themselves with debt, wear themselves out, and keep themselves in a constant nervous strain by giving fashionable dinners, fashionably entertaining, and making fashionable calls. How much better is a plain, quiet Christian home, where all is peace and cordiality, the neighbors heartily welcome to come and go at will, and freed from the pestering, senseless conventionalities of fashionable life! Why should our earthly life, which at best cannot continue a hundred years, be fretted and burdened and worn out prematurely by vain efforts to ape the manners of the idle, irreligious, self-seeking, rich devotee of pleasure? God has put us in the world for a nobler purpose than this, and those do well who strive to place His service above all else!

### Potter's Fork

H. W. Holcomb is building a new store-house.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Martin visited friends here.

Owing to sickness school closed some time ago.

We are proud to see among the candidates Prof. Geo. W. Jenkins for Superintendent of Schools. We desire to say to the public that in our opinion no man is better qualified for this office than Mr. Jenkins. He is a man of ability and character, fully deserving any support given him. If we place Prof. Jenkins into this office we feel that four years of elevation of schools will follow. Let's get busy! What we desire is the selection of a man who looks forward to the advancement of my child and your child. We must not vote against a man, even if we despise him, if he is best fitted to serve the whole county. Lay aside prejudice and carefully study over the matter and we feel safe in saying that Prof. Jenkins will be your choice.

Foxie Grandpa.

### Sad, Indeed.

Banks, Feb. 10.

This morning a message came over the 'phone that Jesse S. Holbrook was dead. What sad news to us that our dear father was dead! No more can we watch for him, no more can I meet him at the door and see that familiar hand stretched to meet mine, no more can I hear the kind words he has spoken to me! How can I ever go there any more! He always met me at the gate and welcomed me in. Dear father! Never can we meet him on earth any more, but I hope to meet him in heaven.

Rachel P. Holbrook.

### MY HAPPY LITTLE HOME IN ARKANSAS

'Tis the prettiest little cottage, Where the grass is ever green, And the streams from the Boston mountains flow; Where the mocking bird doth sing Till the woods with music ring, My happy little home in Arkansas.

#### CHORUS

Come and see us, neighbors, come along, We'll be there to greet you, one and all; 'Tis the finest country found, We'll show you all around, At my happy little home in Arkansas.

We'll go out into the orchard, Where fruit is on the trees; 'Tis the land where the premium apple grows; They are luscious, mellow, sweet, You may have all you can eat, At my happy little home in Arkansas.

(Selected by Stella Fairchild, Green Forest, Ark.)

### Little Letter

Dear Editor,

As papa takes the Eagle I get to read the little schoolmates in dear old Whitesburg. As I have never written before I thought I would tell them something about myself. I am going to the London graded school, which has an attendance of 350 pupils. I am 8 years old and in the second grade. I study spelling, reading, arithmetic, language, drawing, writing. I guess I had better close for this time.

Lena Tyree.

London, Ky.

### Pound, Va.

Jack Sturgill has been on the sick list.

The infant of Sarah Shorts died recently.

Most of the school have closed and some nice entertainments are reported.

The stork visited quite a number of homes recently, the latest being a fine boy at Daniel Stidham's.

Marshals raided on Pound and arrested Charlie Justice. Also a few days ago they arrested Lee Church.

Thurston Hubbard is now about recovered from the injuries received in the mill explosion and walks without crutches.

The Courier lumber corporation closed a deal with the Virginia Coal & Iron Co. acquiring all the timber lands in the south of the Cumberland mountains comprising about 20,000 acres. Getting out this timber will give employment to many of our people for several years. The company will build a dummy line up Pound river to head of river near Flat Gap. As they have already paid for the right of way some of our citizens are feeling quite gay with fat purses.

Pedagogue.

### Goodloe, Mo. Kentucky Settlement.

L. W. Fields is "puny" with rheumatism.

There is a big baby girl at the home of Wade Kelly.

Since the blizzard is all off it looks like spring is here.

Dike Eldridge has been down with rheumatism all winter.

Granville Combs and wife were town buying presents for their grandchildren.

Henry Sloane is doing a good business with his wagon yard and feed barn.

Willie Hall will soon have his new residence completed. He has a new girl at his home.

Sam Day's wife, daughter of Granville Combs, is low with consumption. They also have a sick baby.

Mrs. Rebecca Lewis, daughter of the late Henry Day, is very low with consumption. Her baby is also sick.

Elds. B. F. Hall, Henry Sloane, Silas Maggard, L. W. Fields and others held some fine meetings on Kentucky Hollow.

May the Eagle's wings grow larger and its screams louder, is the wish of your

Kentucky Correspondent.

### Why Is a Hen?

One hen, frightened at an automobile, rose to fly over and dropped an egg in it, that was a mislaid egg. Another hen, sitting in a tree under which a congregation was worshipping, laid an egg on the preacher's head, that was egging the preacher. Another hen lays in a load of coal every day for a friend of ours, that is a veritable coal mine. We have fed our hens \$13.98 worth of "vittles" and not an egg, not even a cackle, in sight. We shall now try an automobile, and if that fails, proceed along the line of scientific investigation indicated.

### Is it Lucky?

"I can't understand why so many people look upon Friday as the unluckiest day of the week."

"Why, do you consider it lucky?"

"It must be. Few people get married on that day."

## BOOMING

### IS ASHLAND, KENTUCKY

Ashland, Ky., Feb. 7. against a boulder that would knock all the religion one had out of him. Only those who have seen good roads know how badly they are needed in the mountains. I can think of nothing that is more necessary to the improvement and development of a county than good roads and I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will urge your county officials, those who have the matter in control, to do something. Here is a point for them to consider: Good church houses and good school houses, neat residences, etc., are worthless or lose their importance while they are inaccessible on account of bad roads. The best settlement under the sun or the best county in Kentucky is no better than its public highways.

Lest I weary you and your readers I will desist this time, promising to come again. Very resp., Can. C. Martin.

### The Job

Editing a newspaper is a wonderfully nice thing. If we publish jokes, people say we are inclined to the ridiculous; if we don't, we are sanctimonious. If we publish mostly original matter they say we are self-worshippers; if we don't, they say we are too lazy to turn our mental crank. If we do not go to church we are heathens; if we do they say we are hypocrites. If we remain in the office, they say we ought to get out and hustle; if we go out we are not tending to our business. If we wear old clothes, they say, "you are going to the dogs;" if we wear good clothes, they snicker and sneer at us. Now, what are we to do? The next thing someone will say we we stole the above thoughts from an exchange. And, to tell the truth, we did.

### Strained Honey

It is said a girl in the city recently sold a box full of love letters to a rag man with a lot of old rags. Looking over his purchases later the man discovered that he had purchased a good thing. He boiled those letters down and sold the product for strained honey and realized a good profit.

### TO FATHER TIME.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight!  
Give us an autoless day and a night.  
Give us a "yellow," sans headlines to scan,  
A rustleless skirt, and a hustleless man.  
A babe teddy-bearless, a microbeless kiss,  
A fistic fight fakeless, a straight-frontless miss,  
A giggleless schoolgirl, and—better than that!—  
A summer-clad college man wearing a hat!  
I knew, Father Time, that I am asking too much,  
But turn to a day ere a dinner was lunch.  
Swing back to an age peroxideless for hair—  
An aeon ere "rats" made their rendezvous there—  
An old fashioned breakfast without Shredded Hay,  
A season when farmers went whineless a day,  
A burg moving-pictureless—ah, what a treat!  
A gumless-girl town and a trolleyless street:  
I'm asking too much, but I pray, Daddy Time,  
For days when a song had both substance and rhyme!

—THE BOHEMIAN.

### PRIMARY AND REGULAR ELECTION CANDIDATES

For County Judge

W. H. Blair

R. B. Bentley

Luther Baker

Sam Collins

Riley Ison

John H. Adington

Solomon E. Holcomb

Henry C. Dixon

Geo. W. Jenkins

George M. Adams

Shade R. Combs

For County Court Clerk

John R. Sumpter

Randall Day

Stephen Combs

For Sheriff

Louis Cook

For County Attorney

R. Monroe Fields

For Jailer

Wm. Banks

For Superintendent of Schools

Jason Cox

Henry Polly

For Assessor

Elijah B. Hale

Jas. S. Pendleton

For Justice, 4th Precinct

Henry C. Boggs

For Assessor

Wm. R. Boggs

William Combs

For Jailer

Hiram Williams

For Assessor

Arnott Mitchell

NOVEMBER ELECTION 1909

For Circuit Court Clerk—Wilson C. Mullins.

For Jailer—Hiram Williams.

For Assessor—Arnott Mitchell.

NOTE—When the ballot for the primary is made up your names will go on it for the various offices as above, alphabetical order. No devices are to be allowed on the ballot, so we are informed.



## LOCALS

### NEWS, GOSSIP, ETC.

#### Latest Candidates

For Jailer—Wm. Breeding.  
For County Judge—Henry R. Yonts.

For Assessor—Stephen Sergeant, Elbert F. Bentley.

For Magistrate—First district, J. C. Day, Jas. R. Fields.

Not in Primary—For Jailer—Charley L. Collins.

—o—  
Wid, widow, widower! Yes, that's Ed!

—o—  
Moses Collier, of Eolia, was here Monday.

—o—  
Charlie Collins says he'll just run anyhow.

—o—  
Louis Cook was here Saturday and says he has all the other boys "licked".

—o—  
To-be sheriffs W. H. Potter and Sam Collins were hustling in town Monday.

—o—  
It's almost two months till the primary, and yet they are warming up for votes.

—o—  
Sam Collins returned from a trip thro' Knott, Pike and Floyd a few days ago.

—o—  
Assessors Geo. M. Adams and Arnett Mitchell were "shoving" for votes in town.

—o—  
Salesman A. A. Sergeant, of the Norton Grocery Co., has been in town for a day or so.

—o—  
We understand there is a new Judge a-comin'. Well, there is room for more; let him come.

—o—  
Jason Cox says he is so far ahead in the jailer's race that there is no one even next to him.

—o—  
St. Mathew and "Hezekiah Everlasting," etc., are among the stay-at-home-nights this week.

—o—  
Sunday was Valentine Day. Oh, that we were in our fledgling days again—but not the fool we once were.

—o—  
Several people, mostly candidates, were here Monday. It looks like they'll have to go to shaking hands with themselves.

—o—  
Dry Fork Bill Williams says he is sure running, or means to run, for jailer. He says he is just waiting to see who he will have to beat.

—o—  
Typhoid is again raging in the Bottom Fork section of the county. Ed, a son of Add Polly of that creek, is reported very low with this disease.

—o—  
Solomon Holcomb, who expects to be the keeper of the new jail, is now somewhere in the country seeing the voters. He says he is going to the heads of branches and creeks for some of his votes.

—o—  
Miss Mayne Perry, who has been here for sometime teaching music, left yesterday for her home at Big Stone Gap. Miss Perry made many friends during her stay here and all regretted to give her up.

—o—  
These are the very latest to announce,

Stephen Sergeant, Jr.  
Elbert F. Bentley  
William Breeding  
Jas. R. Fields  
J. C. Day

Won't someone else pin back his ears and get in the running?

—o—  
The Eagle very much regrets to publish the details of the unfortunate affair on Montgomery creek in this county. Spencer and Harrison Banks were always our friends, both nice, smooth gentlemen, so far as we had opportunity to observe. Since the

readily agree with me. I have served as a deputy under our present sheriff and I don't think there is a man in the county that can say I haven't done my duty, and done it just and right. If you select me as your servant, officially speaking, I will serve you in a way that will be well pleasing to all. I earnestly solicit your whole support. I hope to get to see and talk with every voter in the county before the election in November and in the meantime, I beg to remain,

Faithfully yours,  
Charley L. Collins!

#### Pert Paragraphs

##### By Nichonemus

When Astor and Johnny fight their mothers "lick."

—o—

Fame is the atom which struggles longest against the disintegration of time.

—o—

A baby and a dynamite are little things that can cause a lot excitement in any home.

—o—

The size of a person's head doesn't indicate wisdom. A pumpkin would require about a No. 14.

—o—

The head of the learned block-head is filled with loose lumber. After he unloads the lumber he is still a fool.

—o—

If you were to get up some morning and find the sun an hour behind time, what would you do? We'd go back to bed.

—o—

"Some men work on the square and some loaf on the corner." Yes, and some men stand on the streets and beg—people to vote for them.

—o—

So live that when age comes upon you, you will be like the mighty oak, stand at the heart, rather than like the hollow linden, rotten at the core.

—o—

There are many slips on the tree of grammar. Yes, there are even many slips 'twixt the cup and the lip; many slips 'twixt courtship and marriage.

—o—

The novelist tells us of the "kindling" eye. He says, "his eye kindled as he held her beauteous form," and after marriage she had to split the wood and kindle the fire.

—o—

The man who was born in a log hut grew up a rail splitter and boy at all jobs, and then passed on into the Presidential chair. Indeed, there is fame at the end of every struggling boy's path.

—o—

A few days ago a newspaper man advertised for a girl and that very night the stork dropped in on him with a beautiful pair of twins. The editor, of course, just scratched his head and said, "It pays to advertise."

#### Jury List For April Court

The following are the juries for the April term of Letcher Circuit Court:

##### GRAND JURY

C M Blair W M Jenkins Sr

L D Baker Albert Meade

Henry Lewis (W. R.'s)

George Ison Arch Lucas

Dick Richardson Cam Baker

W M J Sturgill Marion Frazier

Robert Bates (black)

Henry Ratliff W W Gibson

W J P Eldridge (Mill Br.)

Isom H Dixon Bill Holbrook

Jas Roberts (Boone)

Jno S Webb M B Tolliver

##### PETIT JURY

Ben Potter (Ike's son)

Sam Combs (Montgomery)

J R Fields (Cowan)

H B Branson Jno P Morgan

Eck Combs Floyd Stamer

Eben Cook Newton Kilgore

Jno Caudill (Turkey)

J H Gibson Kelly Fields

Green Holcomb Stephen Back

John Tucker Dock Holcomb

Lee Webb (Jesse's son)

Woolery Campbell (Bull Cr.)

W M Hughes Jos McKnight

Sam Wright (Pop's son)

John Adams (Steve's son)

Elijah Warren Shade Webb

F M Boggs Byrd Franklin

Sam Bentley (Ben's son)

Noah "

L B Tolliver Geo W Holbrook

#### Commissioner's Sales.

Henry C. Whitaker, Plff., vs.  
Betty Hampton, etc., Defts.—Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of Letcher Circuit Court rendered at its Jan. term in above styled action I shall proceed to offer for sale to highest and best bidder at public auction at Courthouse door in Whitesburg Ky. on Mar. 1, 1909, it being the first day of the March term of Letcher Circuit Court, between the hours of 12 m. and 2 p.m. on a credit of six months the following described property towit:

Two tracts of land lying on the head of Johnson fork of Smoot Creek of Kentucky river. First tract, beginning at a branch at a cross fence about 30 yards above W. W. Caudill's stable on a conditional line between said Caudill and Allen H. Whitaker, west with said line to the top of mountain, thence north with top of ridge running around head of Johnson's fork down opposite ridge to conditional line between W. W. Caudill and John W. Caudill, thence with said line to beginning, containing 150 acres, more or less. Second tract, beginning on two branches on east side of Johnson fork of Smoot creek, thence south with branch to mouth of Slick Rock Hollow, thence with said Hollow east to outside line of Wilburn Caudill, thence south with said line to a line between W. W. Caudill and Alfred Hall, thence west with said line to outside line on other side, thence north with said line that runs to the hollow that runs down by a large rock and on down said hollow to a cross fence at upper side of orchard, thence north with said fence round down to the branch a short distance above W. W. Caudill's stable thence south with branch to beginning, containing 125 acres, more or less.

#### NOTICE!

Pursuant to a call by the Republican Co. Committee or governing authority of the Republican party of Letcher county made at a meeting of said Committee held at Whitesburg, Ky., on the 11th day of January, 1909,

##### NOTICE

Is hereby given that on Friday, April 16, 1909, between the hours of 6 a.m. and 4 p.m., a primary election will be held in the said Letcher county for the purpose of nominating Republican candidates for the offices of Circuit Court Clerk, County Judge, County Sheriff, Jailer, Assessor, Surveyor, Coroner, Constable, Justice of Peace, to be voted for at the regular November election, 1909, for said offices. That for the purpose of holding said primary election a poll will be opened at the regular voting places in each and all of the voting precincts in said county on said day between said hours. Witness our hands this 21st day of January, 1909. John W. Hale, Chmn. Rep. Co. Com. Andrew J. Sturgill, Sec.

**A Simple Remedy**  
Cardui is a purely vegetable extract, a simple, non-intoxicating remedy, recommended to girls and women, of all ages, for womanly pains, irregularity, falling feelings, nervousness, weakness, and any other form of sickness, peculiar to females.

**TAKE CARDUI**  
It Will Help You

Mrs. A. C. Beaver, of Unicoi, Route No. 1, Martleton, Tenn., writes: "I suffered with bearing-down pains, feet swelled, pain in right side, headache, pains in shoulders, nervous palpitation, and other troubles I cannot mention, but I took Wine of Cardui and have found it the best medicine I ever used, for female troubles." Try Cardui.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

## Nw Drug Store

Fitzpatrick & Venters are now ready, in the new bank building, with a new and up-to-date line of

## DRUGS

### EVERYTHING BRAN NEW!

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

Fitzpatrick & Venters, PROPRIETORS.



This rifle is built for settled districts, where good range and killing power are desired, with safety to the neighborhood.

The Marlin 25-20 is a light, quick-handling, finely-balanced repeater, with the solid top, closed-in breech and side ejection features which make Marlin guns safe and agreeable to use in certain actions.

It is made to use the powerful new high-velocity smokeless loads with jacketed bullets as well as the well-known black powder and low pressure smokeless cartridges, and is the ideal target gun for woodchucks, geese, hawks, foxes, etc., up to 300 yards.

This rifle and ammunition used on Marlin repeaters are fully described in our 136-page catalog. Free for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 42 Willow Street, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

#### Very Serious

It is a very serious matter to ask for one medicine and have the wrong one given you. For this reason we urge you in buying to be careful to get the genuine—

#### TEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT Liver Medicine

The reputation of this old, reliable medicine for the treatment of indigestion and liver trouble is firmly established. It does not imitate other medicines. It is better than others, or it would not be the favorite liver powder, with a larger sale than all others combined.

SOLD IN TOWN



With today! Send 10 cents to help pay postage and packing and receive the above "Famous Collection" to contain 12 Varieties of Flower Seeds.

Write today! Send 10 cents to help pay postage and packing and receive the above "Famous Collection" to contain 12 Varieties of Flower Seeds.

GREAT NORTHERN SEED CO., Rockford, Illinois

#### SAFE AND SOUND---Editor

## UNION BANK

WHITESBURG, KY.

JAMES P. LEWIS, Pres. W. H. POTTER, Vice-Pres.

B. E. CAUDILL, Cashier. A. C. ADAMS, Asst.-Cash.

Come to our store and get something that is as good as the best. Everything in the general merchandise line.

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WHITESBURG, KY.

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Everything New & Up-to-date  
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Rates \$1 Per Day Whitesburg, Ky.

## Wamsley's Automatic Pastor

By Frank Crane.

(Copyright, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"Yes, sir," said the short, chunky man, as he leaned back against the gorgeous upholstery of his seat in the smoking compartment of the sleeping car; "yes, sir, I knew you was a preacher the minute I laid eyes on you. You can't fool J. P. Wamsley. You see, there's a peculiar air about a man that's accustomed to handle any particular line of goods. You can tell 'em all, if you'll just notice—any of 'em—white-goods counter, lawyer, doctor, travellin' man, politician, railroad—every one of 'em's got his sign out, and it don't take a Sherlock Holmes to read it, neither."

"Experience, did you say? I must have had considerable experience! Well, I guess yes! Didn't you never hear of my invention, Wamsley's Automatic Pastor, Selfeedin' Preacher and Lightning Caller? Say, that was the hottest scheme ever. I'll tell you about it."

"You see, it's this way. I'm not a church member myself—believe it in, you know, and all that sort of thing—I'm for religion strong, and when it comes to payin' I'm right there with the goods. My wife is a member, and a good one; in fact, she's so blame good that we average up pretty well."

"Well, one day they elected me to the board of trustees at the church; because I was the heaviest payer, I suppose. I kicked some, but being anxious to pose as a pious individual, but finally I gave in."

"I went to two or three meetin's—and say, honest, they were the fiercest things ever!"

The minister smiled knowingly.

"You're on, I see. Ain't those ofcial meetin's of a church the limit? Gosh! Once I went—a cold winter night—waded through snow knee-deep to a giraffe—and sat there two hours,

"Then," I continued, "that ain't all. There's another idea I propose, to go along with the pastor, as a sort of side line. That's tradin' stamps. Simple ain't it? Wonder why you never thought of it yourselves, don't you?"

"All you have to do is to give tradin' stamps for attendance, and your church fills right up, and John Henry keeps 'em happy. Stamps can be redeemed at my store. So many stamp gets, say, a parlor lamp or a masterpiece of Italian art in a gilt frame; so many more draws a steam cooker or an oil stove; so many more and you have a bicycle or a half mattress or a what-not; and so on up to where a hat full of 'em gets an automobile."

"I tell you when a family has a whatnot in their eye they ain't goin' to let a little rain keep 'em home from church. If they're all really too sick to go, they'll hire a substitute. And I opine these here stamps will have a powerful alleviatin' effect on Sunday-sickness."

"And then," I went on, waxin' eloquent, and leanin' against the wall, so I could put one hand in my coat and gesture with the other and make it more impressive—and then, I says, 'Just think of them other churches. We won't do a thing to 'em. That Baptist preacher thinks he's a wizz because he makes 600 calls a year. You just wait till the nigger gets to haulin'. John Henry here around town and loadin' him up with rapid-fire conversations. That Baptist gent will look like 30 cents, that's what he'll look like. And the Campbellites think they done it when they got their new pastor, with a voice like a Bull of Bashan comin' down hill. Just wait till we load a few of them extra-sized records with megaphone attachment into our pastor, and gear him up to 250 words a minute, and then where, oh, where is Mister Campbellite, as the feller says."

"Besides, brethren, this pastor, havin' no family, won't need his back fence fixed; in fact, he won't need the parsonage; we can rent it, and the proceeds will go toward operatin' expenses."

"What we need to do," says I in conclusion, "is to get in line, get up to date, give the people what they want. We have no way of judgin' the future, but by the past, as the feller says. We know they ain't no human being can measure up to our requirements, so let's take fall out of science, and have enterprise and business sense."

J. P. Wamsley reached for a match.

"Did they accept your offer?" asked his companion. "I am anxious to know how your plan worked. It has many points in its favor, I confess."

"No," replied J. P. Wamsley, as he meditatively puffed his cigar and seemed to be lovingly reviewing the past. "No, they didn't. I'm kind o' sorry, too. I'd like to have seen the thing tried myself. But," he added, with a slow and solemn wink, "they passed a unanimous resolution callin' back the old pastor at an increased salary."

"I should say, then, that your invention was a success."

"Well, I didn't lose out on it, anyhow. I've got John Henry rigged up with a new bunch of whiskers, and posin' in my show window at DeWitt, signin' the peace treaty, in an elegant suit of all-wool at \$11.50."

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For Infants and Children.  
The One You Have Always Bought

See the  
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Dr. H. F. Fletcher

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GUARANTEED SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.

**EARLY RISERS**  
The famous Miss Julia.

"Easy," says I. "Hire a buggy of Brother Jinks here, who keeps a livery stable, at one dollar per p. m. Get a nigger to chauffer the pastor at 50 cents per same. There you are.

Let the boy be provided with an assortment of records to suit the people—pleasant and sad, consolatory and gay, encouragin' or reprovin', and so forth. The coon drives up, puts in a cartridge, sets the pastor in the door, and when the family gets through sets him out again.

"There are, say, about 300 callin' days in the year. He can easy make 15 calls a day on an average—equals 4,500 calls a year, at \$450. Of course, there's the records, but they won't cost over \$50 at the outside—you can shave 'em off and use 'em over again, you know."

"But there's the personality of the pastor," somebody speaks up. It's that which attracts folks and fills the pews."

"Personality shucks!" says I. "Haven't we had personalty enough? For every man it attracts it repels two. Your last preacher was one of the best fellers that ever struck this town. He was a plum brick, and had lots of horse sense to boot. He could preach, too, like a house afire. But you kicked him out because he wasn't sociable enough. You're askin' an impossibility. No man can be a student and get up the rattlin' sermons he did, and put in his time trottin' around callin' on the sisters."

"Now, let's apply business sense to this problem. That's the way I run my store. Find out what the people want and give it to 'em, is my motto. Now, people ain't comin' to church unless there's somethin' to draw 'em. We've tried preachin', and it won't draw. They say they want sociability, so let's give it to 'em strong. They want attention paid to 'em. You turn my friend here loose in the community, and he'll make each and every man, woman and child think they're it in less'n a month."

"Then," I continued, "that ain't all. There's another idea I propose, to go along with the pastor, as a sort of side line. That's tradin' stamps. Simple ain't it? Wonder why you never thought of it yourselves, don't you?"

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"I tell you when a family has a whatnot in their eye they ain't goin' to let a little rain keep 'em home from church. If they're all really too sick to go, they'll hire a substitute. And I opine these here stamps will have a powerful alleviatin' effect on Sunday-sickness."

"And then," I went on, waxin' eloquent, and leanin' against the wall, so I could put one hand in my coat and gesture with the other and make it more impressive—and then, I says, 'Just think of them other churches. We won't do a thing to 'em. That Baptist preacher thinks he's a wizz because he makes 600 calls a year. You just wait till the nigger gets to haulin'. John Henry here around town and loadin' him up with rapid-fire conversations. That Baptist gent will look like 30 cents, that's what he'll look like. And the Campbellites think they done it when they got their new pastor, with a voice like a Bull of Bashan comin' down hill. Just wait till we load a few of them extra-sized records with megaphone attachment into our pastor, and gear him up to 250 words a minute, and then where, oh, where is Mister Campbellite, as the feller says?"

"Besides, brethren, this pastor, havin' no family, won't need his back fence fixed; in fact, he won't need the parsonage; we can rent it, and the proceeds will go toward operatin' expenses."

"What we need to do," says I in conclusion, "is to get in line, get up to date, give the people what they want. We have no way of judgin' the future, but by the past, as the feller says. We know they ain't no human being can measure up to our requirements, so let's take fall out of science, and have enterprise and business sense."

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